

The most lamentable Tragedie

Vpright he held it Lords, that held it last.

Marcus. Titus, thou shalt obtaine and aske the Emperre.

Satur. Proud and ambitious Tribune canst thou tell?

Titus. Patience Prince *Saturninus*.

Satur. Romaines doe me right.

Patricians draw your swords and sheath them not

Till *Saturninus* be Romes Emperour :

Andronicus would thou wert shipt to hell,

Rather then rob me of the peoples harts.

Lucius. Proud *Saturnine*, interrupter of the good
That noble minded *Titus* meanes to thee.

Titus. Content thee Prince, I will restore to thee
The peoples harts, and weane them from themselves.

Bassian. *Andronicus*, I doe not flatter thee,

But honour thee, and will do till I die :

My faction if thou strengthen with thy friend,

I will most thankfull be, and thanks to men

Of noble mindes, is honorable meede.

Titus. People of Rome, and peoples Tribunes here,

I aske your voyces and your suffrages,

Will you bestow them friendly on *Andronicus*?

Tribunes. To gratifie the good *Andronicus*,

And gratulate his safe returne to Rome,

The people will accept whome he admits.

Titus. Tribunes I thanke you, and this sute I make,

That you create your Emperours eldest sonne,

Lord *Saturnine*, whose vertues will I hope,

Reflect on Rome as Tytans rayes on earth,

And ripen iustice in this common weale :

Then if you will elect by my aduise,

Crown him, and say, long live our Emperour.

Marcus. An. With voyces and applause of euery sort,

Patricians and Plebeians we create

Lord *Saturninus* Romes great Emperour.

And

of Titus Andronicus.

And say, Long live our Emperour *Saturnine*.

Saturni. *Titus Andronicus*, for thy fauours done,

To vs in our election this day,

I giue thee thanks in part of thy deserts,

And will with deeds requite thy gentleness :

And for an onset *Titus* to aduance

Thy name, and honorable familie,

Lavinia will I make my Empresse,

Romes yall Mistris, Mistris of my hart,

And in the sacred Parham her espouse :

Tell me *Andronicus* doth this motion please thee?

Titus. It doth my worthy Lord, and in this match,

I hold me highly honoured of your Grace.

And heere in sight of Rome, to *Saturnine*,

King and Commander of our common weale,

The wide worlds Emperour, doe I consecrate,

My sword, my Chariot, and my prisoners,

Presents well worthy Romes imperiall Lord :

Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,

Mine honours Ensignes humbled at thy feete.

Satur. Thanks noble *Titus*, Father of my life,

How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts

Rome shall record, and when I do forget

The least of these vnspeakable deserts,

Romans forget your fealtie to me.

Titus. Now Madam are you prisoner to an Emperour,

To him that for your honour and your state,

Will vse you nobly and your followers.

Satur. A gooly Lady, trust me of the hue

That I would choose, were I to choose a new :

Cleere vp faire Queene that cloudy countenance,

Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheere,

Thou comst not to be made a scoine in Rome:

Princely shall be thy vsage euery way.

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Rest